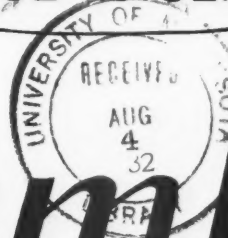
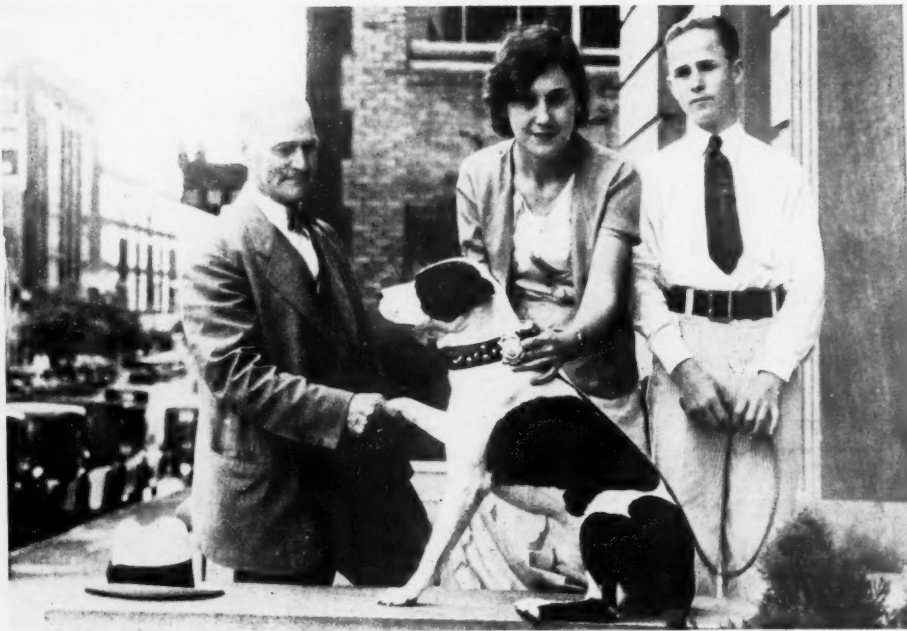


AUGUST 1932

PRICE 10 CENTS



Our Dumb Animals



"MIKE," HONOR FIREMAN OF TULSA (See p. 121)

Aeme Photo

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Abraham Krasker, Director of Visual Education in the Public Schools of Quincy, Mass., writes:—

"We have had the pleasure of using your film, 'The Bell of Atri,' in several of our schools and find it very worth while, and I shall be very glad to recommend this film for purchase by our School Department in our next order."

During the spring of 1932, more schools exhibited this film, more times, than ever before.

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919

Boston Office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Vol. 65

August, 1932

No. 8

Will some French reader of these words, who knows the facts, tell us whether the bull-fights that have been permitted in France since the war are as popular as ever? We shall be glad to publish the reply.

To those willing to circulate, where it can be wisely placed, our leaflet against the setting up of horses' tails we shall be glad to send, without charge, any reasonable number. A postal card to us asking for them is all that is necessary.

The *Globe* of Atchison, Kansas, states that a series of contests, held at Lansing, Michigan, showed that good-natured horses can pull heavier loads than bad-natured ones, and comments that it only means that horses and men are very much alike.

We often wonder what the changes of the next hundred years will mean for mankind. What will they mean also for the world of animals? If a finer civilization comes they will share its benefits. Well, in spite of the prophets of evil we believe that finer civilization must come.

An Associated Press dispatch from Bridlington, England, tells of workmen erecting a wall who found one morning that a thrush had started to build its nest on the topmost bricks. The masons continued the wall higher without disturbing the nest, leaving a niche in which a family is now being raised.

The German Shepherd Dog Society of Potsdam, Germany, recently graduated its 1,000th pupil and sent him out as a guide for his war-blinded master. The plan in this very successful institution is for the war-blinded veteran and the dog to spend two to three weeks together there, the dog sleeping at his master's bedside.

The question is asked, "Will humane societies be expected to protect the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey from abuse between now and November 8?"

The Band of Gold

OF the extent to which bird-banding is carried on few of us are aware. At Austin Station, North Eastham, Massachusetts, over 13,000 were banded last year. Exact records are kept of all these bandings. The idea is not a new one. H. R. Sinclair, in *The Chickadee* tells us, quoting from a little volume published by Harper & Brothers in 1840, this exceedingly interesting story:

"On the subject of the migration of storks we may quote the following anecdote, which appeared lately in several public journals:

'Last year (1833) a Polish gentleman, having caught a stork upon his estate near Lemberg, put round its neck an iron collar with this inscription, "Haec ciconia ex Polonia," (this stork comes from Poland), and set it at liberty. This year the bird returned to the same spot, and was again caught by the same person. It had acquired a new collar of gold, with the inscription "India cum donis remittit ciconiam Polonis," (India sends back the stork to the Poles with gifts). This gentleman, after having shown the inscription to his neighbors, again set the bird at liberty.'

It is fortunate that our bird-banders of today do not have to put collars of gold on the birds which they have banded so deftly.

What the United States Has Done for Its Veterans

Brigadier General F. T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans' Affairs, told the House Ways and Means Committee, as reported in the *U. S. Daily*, April 27, 1932:

The Federal Government has expended to date for all (World War) veteran relief, \$6,000,000,000, and by 1945, in carrying out provisions of existing veteran relief measures, will have spent about \$21,500,000,000. On total veterans' relief resulting from all other wars the country has expended about \$8,000,000,000. The States have expended about \$519,791,190 for bonuses and other direct relief, \$68,000,000 in soldiers' homes and hospitals; and something over \$4,000,000 for statues and memorials.

The Dog on the Running-board

THERE are still thoughtless people who are willing to subject their dogs to the peril of riding, unprotected, on the running-boards of their cars. In the first place, it is no place for a dog anyway. A sudden jolt of the car is liable at any minute to throw him to the road and seriously injure him if it does not result in his death. In the second place, it is no justification of the practice to say the dog seems to enjoy it. Quite likely he knows nothing of the danger he is incurring. If, however, there is no room in the car and the dog must accompany his owner then an inexpensive device can be attached to the running-board that will give the dog a reasonable chance of escaping accident. The man who has a dog owes him such care as will save him, so far as possible, from all harm.

The Wendel Will

Many of our readers will remember the reports that followed the death of Miss Ella V. von E. Wendel telling of the large bequests to charitable societies in which two or three societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals were included. Of possible heirs who might claim an interest because of kinship, only one, if we remember, put in an appearance. Since then, according to the lawyers, some eighteen hundred have asserted their kinship. The case is far from settlement. The outcome? Nobody knows.

In an interview had some weeks ago with the Council of the Royal S. P. C. A., London, Mr. Stephen Coleridge, the well-known humanitarian, used these significant words: "I am sure that where so much that is noble and venerable in life is disappearing, the one great and soul-saving movement that is really advancing among us is that of mercy to animals."

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.

Following the Fur

SUSANNA D. BISHOP

*Where is your home hidden
Swift-footed one?
Somewhere, anywhere,
Under the sun!
Fleet as the wind,
As wild and free,
As light as air
And as silently
Treading your trail.
Come, set your foot,
None to hear you wail
(Or care for such
In the triple clutch)
Where these leaves are strown
In this snare by the spring
Near the lichen stone.
Cease wandering,
Be brave, bolder!
We need your fur
For milady's shoulder.*

Cruelty to Animals in
MOTION PICTURES

Involves Maiming, Killing and Abuse

NOT SHOWN ON SCREEN

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The Jack London Club

FOR THE ABOLITION OF
PERFORMING ANIMAL TURNS

By sending your name to

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Where Things Are Not as
They Seem

GENEVRA A. COWAN

ONE of the principal arguments advanced in favor of animal motion pictures is that the information gained by children is instructive and informative. Yet facts gleaned from a newspaper clipping on animals in the movies reveal that argument as somewhat of a farce for indeed, "things aren't as they seem" in animal movies.

For a certain picture in which animals figure prominently, says the clipping, all the animal actors were recruits from Peru, Indiana, the winter headquarters for circuses. For, it is declared, "producers discovered that animals with American educations were fully as capable of throwing a scare into the actors and a thrill into the audience as were the foreign born and bred."

In animal pictures where elephants are the actors, it is difficult to determine just how genuine the animals are, for some astonishing things are revealed in this connection. The female elephant, it seems, is the milder of the sexes to handle and to train. Therefore she is most frequently used in pictures. But, unfortunately, for histrionic purposes the splendid tusks possessed by the males only are desirable, whereas the female elephant possesses only "short, blunt stumps." "But in Hollywood," declares the informant, "one can get around anything—even an elephant. With the aid of a little fancy bridgework, tusks of any desired length and size can be fitted over the stumps—transforming the sedate lady pachyderm into the most ravishing jumbo of Jumboland."

But even this isn't the ultimate in this truly named "land of make-believe." It seems that by the size of an elephant's ears his birthplace is known; that is, if one is experienced in ear lore. African elephants possess large ears while the Indian elephants display smaller ones. But movie-land believes the large ears are more effective so large detachable ears are made to place upon the elephants whose flappers aren't big enough to suit the director's ideas!

A Test of Good Breeding

L. E. EUBANKS

I HAVE often been impressed by the relation of a person's treatment of animals to his treatment of persons; have often thought I would try to express the thought.

We know that one of the surest tests of good breeding lies in our attitude toward strangers. Diplomacy, selfish considerations, may prompt courtesy and kindness when we are dealing with acquaintances; but do we treat strangers similarly—the people we never saw before and expect never to see again?

Animals are like those strangers. If we are rude to the stranger it is because we know that he will have no opportunity to talk against us; and all animals, even the pets in our home, are unable to talk. If our dumb acquaintances could voice their knowledge, some of us might have to sacrifice our reputations for good breeding—the reputation we have acquired with the people who might injure us in some way if we were discourteous to them.

Politic choice between right and wrong can have no place in true character and good breeding. The rude, unkind person who can be otherwise when policy dictates is especially contemptible; for his occasional displays of the better self indicate a choice for meanness as his habitual demeanor.

Kindness toward all living things is a fundamental of character. Habitual, unselfish kindness marks the well-bred person, and precludes cruelty or unfairness to our dumb friends just as positively as to persons.

When a man pets his dog before people and the animal accepts those attentions with fear—watch that man; he is a hypocrite! It is not going too far to say that a close observer can pick out the truly humane, dependable members of a family by watching the house pet's actions toward each member.

Good breeding and kindness are not a fine suit to be worn only on display occasions; rather they are a part of one's being, they either belong in the person or they do not.

Kindness is a foundation virtue; its manifestations are many and various, but when analyzed they run back to a common source—the unselfish desire to see other creatures comfortable and happy. Good breeding, when sincere, is just another name for kindness. Mixed with social politeness, etiquette, etc., we call it by various names; but one of the best tests of its worth, its sincerity and dependability, may be found in the person's attitude toward dumb animals.

National Be Kind to Animals Week will be observed April 17—22, 1933, with Humane Sunday, April 23.



A FAR CRY FROM THE MOTOR TRUCK

This is the fashion in which natives of Panama, Guatemala, and other Central American countries customarily transport goods and commodities.

The oxen pictured are similar in species to those found through our own northern land, but their cousinship to the foreign yak can be seen by closely examining the rounded appearance of their shoulders.

Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Exterior and Interior Views of the New Building and Branch of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

HEREWITH we present views of the Springfield Branch of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. which was dedicated last December. Situated at 53-57 Bliss Street, but a block and a half from the City Hall, the building is in the heart of the city's business district. It contains the office of our Springfield prosecuting officer, Theodore W. Pearson, who is general manager of our work there, a complete hospital equipment and an adequate shelter for small animals. In a single month already 45 hospital cases and 120 dispensary

cases have been treated. Dr. A. R. Evans is resident veterinarian. The entire staff

comprises six workers.

In addition to the rooms pictured here, there are a pharmacy, specially-constructed bathrooms, three other wards equipped with the best steel cages, a kitchen equipped with ranges, electric refrigeration and other facilities for cooking meals for animal patients, outdoor exercise court, besides indoor facilities for exercise, a lethal chamber for humanely disposing of animals, two large outdoor exercise runs, a cremator, an X-ray room and a large garage.

The institution has space to accommodate 100 animals.



BELOW THE EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE HOSPITAL BUILDING ARE (upper left) THE MAIN OFFICE; (upper right) THE OPERATING ROOM; (lower left) ONE OF THE CAT WARDS; (lower right) EXERCISE YARD ON THE ROOF (Photographs by the Harts Studio, Springfield)

He Dines in the Pines

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

IF the pine finch were using printed stationery, you would, perhaps, find him using an embossed note-head bearing these words, "The Inspiring Pines," for he lives among tens of thousands of green needles, but still all of the sewing that he does is accomplished with his beak.

Advertisers who study human nature, when using display advertisements in colors, employ the green to attract the eyes of the city resident and red for the countryman. As a rule, city folks see so much of



THE SMALL PINE FINCH IS AN OMNIVOROUS INSECT EATER

the red in looking at brick buildings, also so much gray, that they have a yearning for the green glory of the rural districts. On the other hand, the country people are accustomed to seeing so much green that to break the monotony of the daily scenes, red or some other bright color pleases their eyes. But the pine finch is a ruralite who never tires of seeing the green; and the scenes never grow monotonous with him. In fact, he likes this color so well that whenever possible, he maintains his dining-table and his nursery among the green walls.

When you see a flock of small birds alight in the top of a pine, an oak, or some other sort of tree in early spring and chatter merrily as they flit from branch to branch, you may think you have discovered a large kind of bee or moth!

You cannot blame the nighthawk and the whip-poor-will when one of these large-mouthed birds makes a mistake and swallows a bird as small as a pine finch for a large moth or butterfly when it gets in his way!

I have many times twisted my neck until I felt as if it was just about ready to let my head fall to the ground when I have been studying the pine finch, or the siskin bird, as he is sometimes called. In one respect the pine finch is like an insect. An occasional visit of a house-fly, a gnat or a mosquito does not attract our attention, but when these insects come in swarms, we

are quick to take notice of their presence. The same is true with the pine finch whose crowds become oppressively noisy in early springtime, but when they have dispersed, few people ever take notice of the presence of a single pair of them.

The habits of the pine finch are much like those of the goldfinch, and his song will also remind you of that bird; but the nasal tang that may soon be picked up, makes a good identification mark for the pine finch.

The seeds and buds of trees are his favorite foods, and when he is busy collecting food he is very tame, especially when hanging to a twig with his head pointing downwards, gleaning tiny bits that are fit to eat. Probably his awkward position causes him to concentrate his thoughts on his work and bodily support, leaving no room for consideration of approaching danger from a stranger, whether a foe or a friend.

The pine finch is one of the small birds that are benefactors to all kinds of forest trees, for although he has a small body the constant exercise of it demands much fuel and this means a call for insects.

Bird Flight

L. E. EUBANKS in *Animal Life*

AMONG untrained birds the robin is one of the few that really seem to be going some place. That carrier pigeons know their business has been attested many times, notably during the Great War.

Birds in migration follow a definite course. However erratic they may appear at other times, they settle down to business when it comes time to change homes. At the end of summer the terns fly from the Arctic region virtually to the South Pole, and scarcely deviate from a direct line in the 10,000 miles.

Birds do many "crazy" things. Moths and bats are not the only flying things that fly into a light. A surprising number of the night fliers are killed by impact with lighthouses. The beacon of safety for man seems to spell disaster for the feathered night migrant. More birds travel at night than by day, and they are generally of a different class—thrushes, warblers, vireos etc.—the more timid birds, generally speaking.

Birds differ greatly in method and rate of flight. Contrast a bat and an eagle; the former cannot rise from a perfectly level surface; the latter can push off from any place, at any angle, with astounding celerity, and rise to a height of 6,000 feet. A few other birds, notably the lark and crow, travel at an altitude of five or six thousand feet, but ordinarily birds stay within 1,000 feet of the earth. A hawk will stand absolutely still in the air sizing up the situation, then suddenly shoot away at marvellous speed. Some ducks are capable of great speed—the bluewinged teal and the canvasback sometimes exceed 130 miles an hour; but ordinarily they loaf along and adapt their action to the needs of the hour.

For combination of speed and grace, swallows are hard to surpass. I read of one's flight from Antwerp to Compiègne. The distance of 140 miles was accomplished in 68 minutes.

The hawk is a king of flight. With the power to fly 200 miles an hour, the sight to spy an object at twenty times the distance possible for the strongest human eyes, the muscular power to lift and carry away a large rabbit, and the courage to execute his designs, a hawk is a formidable yet an admirable bird.

Experiments have shown that a carrier pigeon's flight when sailing with a moderate wind is 1,540 yards a minute as compared with 1,200 in calm weather. With a strong wind its speed is nearly doubled, or about 2,000 yards a minute.

The wing of most birds is so constructed that, near the tip, each feather forms a slot for the feather behind it and thus we have a very efficient arrangement for low speeds. Possibly, without this system, birds would be unable to perform the low-speed, spot landings at which they are so adept.

The Stork's American Cousin

CARL LOWDEN

DID you ever glimpse on some lazy afternoon a great blue heron slowly wading down a quiet stream and deftly spearing fish as he proceeds? His eyes are sharp. His long yellow beak pierces the water with sudden rapier thrusts. He is a stately and picturesque figure, three or four feet tall, as he strides along in his patient search for food. Usually the fish he catches are not of commercial value, and sometimes he dines exclusively on water dogs.

This heron has often been mistakenly called a blue crane, but no true heron ever was or ever could be a crane. When this big fellow flies he doubles his long neck over his back with his long legs stretching behind him and silently flaps his wings which have a spread of six feet or more. The crane flies always with his neck extended straight ahead.

There is still another marked difference between these two birds. The crane never builds his nest in a tree, whereas the great blue heron evidently considers such a site the fulfillment of his heart's desire. In the large nest of coarse sticks the mother heron deposits from four to six eggs that are blue like the sky which forms a ceiling above her.

But what would a heron do if there were no trees anywhere near its nesting place? Well, it would compromise with its environment. In the Great Salt Lake section of Utah there are islands with absolutely no trees growing upon them. Therefore the herons that live in that location build their spacious nests upon the ragged ground. Where trees are plentiful the great blue heron will invariably choose the tallest as his home, for he feels far safer above the earth and up toward the wide boundless sky.

These birds are now rigidly protected in the United States by federal restrictions and penalties regarding our treatment of migratory feathered residents. However, the great blue heron ranges northward to the arctic region in the summer season and southward to northern South America in the winter time; and in these extremes there are few or almost no regulations to protect bird life. The heron's trying experiences in other countries doubtless add to his shyness here.

His Majesty

WINNIE LYNCH ROCKETT

*Unrivalled by the pomp and pageantry
Of history's colorful nobility,
The regal peacock stands pre-eminent
Within the feathered kingdom—proud and
opulent.*

*Resplendent in his garb of wondrous dyes,
Jeweled with myriad sapphire-emerald eyes,
And with proud coronet on lifted head,
He struts before the world—rich train
wide-spread.*

*Not even Solomon—with all his gems,
His splendrous robes, his gleaming dia-
dems—*

*Could flaunt habiliments more kingly than
The peacock with his royal plumage-fan.*

One of the tragic episodes in my studies of birds was revealed when I found a big blue-gray and black migrant weighted down by a steel trap which had broken a leg. The feathered fisherman must have gotten into a trap intended for some thieving chicken-hawk. That was my own theory of the bird's misfortune.

I had the leg securely splinted. My guest necessarily became a temporary vegetarian, as there were no fish available as food for him; but he seemed to thrive on the various tidbits I managed to supply. I kept him in an open enclosure so he could readily resume his travels whenever he felt himself able to depart. One morning I found the place deserted; he must have taken to the air earlier, perhaps while I was still soundly sleeping.

Does a suffering wild creature understand the kindness of a human being trying to help him? That great blue heron had made no effort to escape since the fixing of the splints on his injured leg. Once I befriended a pair of would-be nesting bluebirds who plainly showed their comprehension of the whole affair; but of course that is another story.

Fifty Dollars in Prizes

The Massachusetts Audubon Society offers prizes for colonies of purple martins nesting in the State of Massachusetts, as follows: Largest colony, first prize, \$25. Second largest colony, second prize, \$15. Third largest colony, third prize, \$10, paid to owners or occupants of property where such colonies are located.

It offers the reward of a handsome bird book, with pictures in color, to the first person reporting news of any Massachusetts colony. The contest closes September 15 and awards will be made October 15, 1932.

Purple martins nest in colony bird-houses on poles. They are the largest of the swallows, uniformly dark colored. Their food is insects taken from the air in flight. They are birds of much value to any community and the Audubon Society hopes to increase their numbers in Massachusetts. Address, The Massachusetts Audubon Society, 66 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

A contributor to the *Flower Grower* writes that martins prefer white houses high in the air, and out in the open; while bluebirds and wrens like houses which are brown, green, or gray.

His Highness, the Peacock

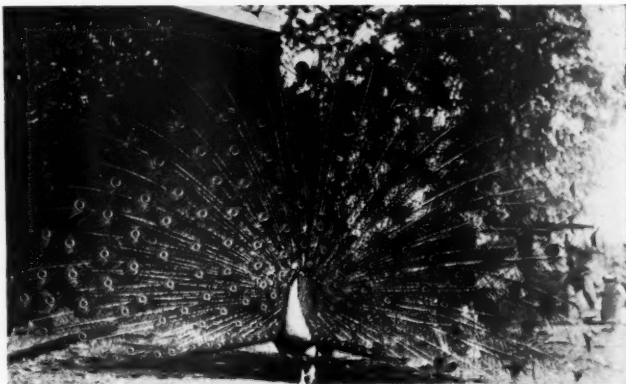
MAUDE WOOD HENRY

IF you are lucky enough to live in the country you are acquainted with His Highness, the Peacock. To be on intimate, speaking terms with so magnificent a creature is quite an awesome matter. One can scarcely imagine anybody "shooing" a peacock as he would an ordinary barnyard fowl, much less dishing him up at holiday time in lieu of a turkey. He is said to be almost as tasty, but if eaten it does seem that some king or queen should do it. Even then it appears a disrespectful proceeding. Much better keep him as an ornament, to trail about grand gardens and sit on the rim of a marble fountain and

a peerless prince is incarnated in this proud bundle of plumes. If this is the case, it does seem a shame that he is exiled among the common folk of birddom, and that farmers' wives often use his tail feathers to make dusters, and the country children wear them in their old straw hats.

If you have an acquaintance with peacocks you will know how very gorgeous they are; how multicolored is their plumage. No other bird wears so many colors, it is claimed. The eyes of the tail feathers are brilliant blue and black, shot with gold; the neck and breast are gloriously blue and the back a shining green, each feather with a tiny brown eye; the fan which supports the tail is a clear brown and the body is clothed in a soft gray down, a sort of royal under raiment fit for so fine a bird.

"As proud as a peacock" is an old saying that is well founded. For the peacock is indeed proud of himself, particularly after he grows his splendid tail, which takes four or five years. In spring-time when this ornament to his person is in its best condition



PEACOCK WITH TAIL IN FULL SPREAD

decorate terraces with his superb feathered fan spread above his head. That, it seems, is more in keeping with the royal splendor of this bird, so out of place in a plebian farmyard, among common hens and ducks and geese that cackle and quack and hiss and care nothing at all for their personal appearance. How very aggravating this strutting and prideful bird must be to these domestic fowls. But probably they ignore him, caring more for their appetites and families than they do for a parade of glorified feathers.

Way back in Bible times the peacock was chosen by royalty as a bird worth having about the palace grounds. King Solomon, who was a most magnificent personage himself, found in the peacock a satisfactory ornament for his gardens. He imported the peacock from Ceylon; in the ships of Tarshish these birds were passengers, but registered under a strange name, that of tokei. This is a Tamil name, used in Ceylon in those days as we now use peacock. This ancient king, who "passed all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom," could well afford to import anything that he fancied and we are told in Chronicles that "the King's ships went to Tarshish with the servants of Huram; every three years once came the ships of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory and apes and peacocks." No doubt ever since that time royalty has regarded this bird as belonging to it, for no other member of the feathered tribes wears such kingly raiment or has so regal a bearing. In India, indeed, where the peacock originated, there is a legend that the spirit of

the peacock begins to strut about, spending the greater part of every day exhibiting it to whoever may constitute his audience. Each peacock has his favorite strutting place, his very own "Peacock Alley" wherein he disports himself. A front gate-post is considered by all peacocks as an extra choice position on a sunny day—peacocks, that is to say, who are not the pets of kings and queens but of ordinary Americans.

His Highness' lady is a meek sort of personage, given to rearing her young as secretly as possible in some orchard or field of grain. In due time she introduces her brood of from three to five gray babies to the farmyard. She, too, though clad more soberly than her spouse, has a queenly bearing.

Peafowls shelter themselves at night in the branches of lofty trees, such as oaks, often staying up in their tree-top bedrooms during cold weather until late in the day. Sometimes they get so weighted down with snow that they cannot fly and are forced to remain on the ground where their feathers freeze—an abject state for so proud a bird. But, though proud, the peacock has a fondness for home, however humble. He will return to it like a faithful dog or cat if taken away.

Mid-summer is feather plucking time; then the peacock's gorgeous raiment drops off like Cinderella's slipper and the poor bird loses his plumage to the feather duster. Peacock feathers are thought to be unlucky by many people, though, and such as are superstitious hesitate to keep these mementos of past grandeur in the house in any capacity.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

AUGUST, 1932

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Broadtail Fur

THIS is the beautiful fur of the very young of the Persian lamb. Repeatedly has it been asserted that no cruelty is associated in the method by which the fur is obtained. Some years ago we were assured of this by those who were supposed to know. Indeed, Major C. Van Der Byl, founder of the Fur Crusade, formerly placed the broadtail on his White List of furs as humane. Recently, however, he writes: (We quote from the Jack London page of *Animal Life*).

"I have now had sent me an extract from an article by Graf Montgelas, which was published in a German paper in September, 1928, the translation of which reads as follows:—

"As broadtail is dearer than Persian lamb, the breeders obtain as many premature births as possible. The mother sheep... are beaten in the cruellest way which often causes premature birth.... They reckon, if only a third of the sheep die, this method is more profitable than the slaughtering of the animal to procure unborn lamb."

"In view of the above, I have been obliged to omit broadtail from my White List of furs which may be considered humane. I have now informed other societies here and in America of this decision."

The Electrocution of Wild Birds

Under this title the Massachusetts Audubon *Bulletin* gives us the following which will interest all bird-lovers:

Surgeon Rear-Admiral C. M. Beadnell describes in *The London Times* a curious instance of the way in which live electric wires can electrocute wild birds. In a general way a bird on the wire makes no contact with earth or "earthed" objects, and is safe. But in this case a young crow was perched on one of the supporting brackets and therefore "earthed" by bracket and pole; but a parent bird, with a large worm in its mouth, flew along and alighted on the wire just above the bracket. For the moment it, too, was safe. "The youngster craned upward for the worm with which its parent was reaching downward, but the moment contact was effected, there was a flash and both birds were killed instantly."

A Remarkable Report

THIS is the report just received of the work done in Turkey during the past year by the Stamboul Society for the Protection of Animals. We wish we had space for more than the briefest summary. Through the activities of the work the poisoning of dogs in the street has been stopped and the matter of capturing them turned over to the Society in order that they might be dealt with humanely. This was brought about through the order of His Excellency Sedat Bey who is now a member of their Executive Committee. During the year also this same official forbade the sale of the small birds which it had been the custom to trap or capture and had then been sold for food by the thousands, this order covering Pera, Galata, Chichli, and the market towns of the Bosphorus. This was a great achievement. In the Free Clinic there were treated 1,303 cases of animals of people too poor to make compensation.

Their work, too, in humane education has been notable. The Minister of Public Instruction so interested himself in humane education in the schools that it now has been introduced into the primary schools, encouraging the formation of small humane societies for the protection of animals. The hope is for the formation of these little groups similar to our Bands of Mercy not only in Stamboul but in other cities of the country.

The need for financial help is great, and we shall be glad to send to the treasurer of the Stamboul Society any gifts that might come to us for that purpose.

Frank K. Sturgis

Mr. Frank K. Sturgis, for more than a decade the greatly honored president of the American S. P. C. A., died June 15 after some four years of partial invalidism. He had long been recognized as one of New York's most highly esteemed citizens. Of the firm of Strong, Sturgis and Company, a leading Wall Street house, he served two years as president of the New York Stock Exchange, and was a member of its governing board for thirty-six years. His position in the financial and social world made his presidency of the American S. P. C. A. a valuable asset to the organization. Mr. Sturgis was a gracious courtly gentleman of the type of which too few are seen to-day.

Mr. George M. Woolsey, a member of the Stock Exchange firm of H. N. Whitney & Sons, who became first Vice-President of the American S. P. C. A. in New York City in 1929, has been chosen as the new President of the Society.

Annual Convention

The annual meeting of the American Humane Association will be held at the St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco, October 18—20, 1932. The Association held a very successful meeting at the same place twenty-one years ago. Our friend, Mr. Matthew McCurrie, is still secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. which is the host of the occasion, and all visitors to the convention may be assured of a typical California welcome and a never-to-be-forgotten time while in that state.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovell

WE learned too late for our last issue of the serious accident that recently befell this life-long and devoted humane worker. A fall as she was going down the steps into her garden was responsible for a broken leg. All who have known Mrs. Lovell and been familiar with her never-ceasing efforts to advance the cause of humane education and the welfare of animals will feel for her the sincerest sympathy and hope for her speedy recovery.

Since the above was put in type, we have learned that Mrs. Lovell passed away on June 25 and was laid to rest on the following Tuesday. A great worker in the humane cause has thus gone to her reward. After Geo. T. Angell, Mrs. Lovell was perhaps the earliest prominent advocate of humane education and she was ever after identified with that branch of the work, having served for many years as superintendent of the Department of Mercy of the National W. C. T. U. and later in a similar capacity for the World's W. C. T. U. She was always enthusiastic in her support of the Band of Mercy. Prominently identified with Mrs. Caroline Earle White, pioneer leader of the Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Mrs. Lovell served as secretary of that organization for a long period. She headed the humane society in her suburban home, Jenkintown (Montgomery County). For many years she was a director of the American Humane Education Society of Boston, and was a member of its press committee. As a writer on humane themes she was very prolific, notably in her contributions to the *Starry Cross*, of which she was associate editor. Mrs. Lovell was an ardent vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist but never allowed her convictions on these subjects to interfere with her hearty support of all efforts for general animal welfare. Her constant cry was: "Humane Education is the real antidote for war and for all other cruelty and crime."

A Stranded Circus

Mr. Percy Carew Essex, of London, hon. secretary and treasurer of the Naples, Italy, S. P. C. A., sends us an interesting account of a circus that went bankrupt in that Italian city, its animals saved from destruction by a few humane people who came to its relief. In his letter he says, "Much against the keeping of animals in circuses as I am, the wholesale slaughter of the animals would have been dreadful. It was averted only by the Society and a few friends." It is some consolation to know that circuses apparently are not prospering in Italy. While death might have been a relief to the animals mentioned, the Society and its friends could hardly have stood by to see them all killed.

From a Massachusetts correspondent we received a short note, as follows: "Send you one dollar for the American Humane Education Society and may God bless your fine work." A welcome message indeed!

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1865

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,942
Cases investigated	666
Animals examined	5,462
Number of prosecutions	10
Number of convictions	10
Horses taken from work	94
Horses humanely put to sleep	25
Small animals humanely put to sleep	894
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	33,661
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	7

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of George G. Cook of Milford, Mrs. Annie A. Daniels of Milford, Ella E. Howe of Marlboro, and Ada B. Berry of Rochester, New Hampshire.

July 12, 1932.

Fourteen dogs were decorated with silver medals on Animal Hero Day in April by Mrs. Diana Belais, president of the N. Y. Anti-Vivisection Society. They were entitled to their honors by their well authenticated acts of devotion and heroism.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals
184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100
Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., *Chief*
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.
HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Springfield Branch
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.
THEODORE W. PEARSON, *General Manager*
A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., *Veterinarian*

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR JUNE Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	593	Cases	2,010
Dogs	443	Dogs	1,680
Cats	145	Cats	291
Birds	2	Birds	34
Horses	2	Rabbits	4
Goat	1	Horse	1
Operations	783		
Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1, 1915			103,547
Dispensary Cases			223,788
Total			327,335

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions in June

For working a horse with gall sore on each shoulder, a defendant was found guilty and case was filed. The horse was put in care of veterinarian and not to be used until permission granted.

For selling at private sale a horse that was unfit for labor, offender was fined \$25. Overcrowding fowl in crate, fine \$15.

For failing to stop after running over and injuring dog, car driver was fined \$15.

Authorizing and permitting a horse afflicted with raw sores to be cruelly driven and worked, fine \$50.

Cruelly working a horse without shoes on macadamized roads, defendant guilty, case filed.

Subjecting a horse to unnecessary cruelty and suffering, (horse's legs were hobbled and chafed) one who had charge and custody of animal, after plea of *nolo*, was fined \$20.

Cruelly driving a horse with harness sores on body, defendant guilty, case placed on file.

Working a horse with sore back and cruelly beating animal, case filed and horse ordered destroyed.

For inflicting unnecessary cruelty on a horse in colliding with a parked auto, the intoxicated driver of the animal was convicted. The case was filed after the court decreed that defendant pay the veterinary's fee for treatment.

For selling a horse that was unfit for labor, a defendant was found guilty and fined \$15 in lower court. He appealed and in Superior Court pleaded *nolo*; decision was upheld and he was allowed five months to pay fine.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offers a reward of \$20 for evidence which will convict for the criminal offense of abandoning a cat, in this State.

Winchester Auxiliary

It is a choice group of women who comprise the Winchester Auxiliary to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the Springfield branch of the Angell Animal Hospital is greatly honored to be the recipients of their benefactions. On June 24 Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Rice of Mystic Valley Parkway opened their charming home and grounds for a garden party and food sale in the interest of the Auxiliary. There were many visitors who were delighted to view the fine display of roses and other flowers and who were generous in their patronage of the good things offered for sale. Mrs. Richard S. Taylor, president, and her faithful associates deserve much credit for their painstaking and successful efforts.

Pet Show at "Charmin"

Early in June an interesting pet animal show was held at "Charmin," the beautiful estate of the president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Mrs. Edith W. Clarke, on Lake Cochituate, Natick. There were about sixty entries, including dogs, cats, squirrels, chickens, goats, donkey, white rat, parrot, duck, etc.—in fourteen classes. Each winner received a ribbon and a suitable prize. Each animal was in personal charge of its owner. The committee was comprised of Dorothy Stearns, chairman, Fern Williams and Betty Cowee. The judges were Miss Sally Scudder and Miss Marian Morrill. An attractive souvenir program was issued under the direction of Mrs. Clarke, with Carl E. Johnson and Dorothy Stearns assisting. Among the patronesses was Mrs. W. J. McDonald of Boston.

Dog Made Fireman

One morning last winter, a dormitory of the Tulsa Boys Home in Tulsa, Okla., caught fire but no one was injured as "Mike," mascot of the home, plunged into the building and awakened occupants. In recognition of the act, A. P. Bowles, Tulsa Fire and Police Commissioner, made Mike an honor fireman recently, with badge and all the trimmings. Our cover picture shows the Commissioner shaking hands with Mike, as Miss Lorraine Simmons pins the badge on his collar. At right is Elzie Bledsoe, one of the youths saved by the dog's action.

With the coming of hot weather in June the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. opened a half dozen watering stations for horses in Boston. They are at Post Office Square, Merriam Square, Winthrop Square, India Square, Mahoney Square, and 180 Longwood Avenue. A paid attendant at each station assists in serving the much needed relief. To maintain these oases for hard working animals through the summer the Society invites donations from the public.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Field Lecturers in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

L. Raymond Talbot

A Correction

In our previous issue we spoke of our representative, Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, through whom we have become affiliated with the Parent-Teacher Association, as one of the speakers at the meeting of the International Federation of Home and School held in Minneapolis. Mrs. Nichols was present not as a speaker but as Humane Education chairman. She writes, "The exhibits that were sent in from six of my state chairmen proved of intense interest and value to the promotion of the work, also the exhibit from the American Humane Education Society was much appreciated, and from it some of the most interested delegates learned definitely how the Congress was connected with our Society."

God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems to me no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. RUSKIN

Implanting Kindness in Children

LESTER BANKS

IN view of the appalling growth of criminality in this country, it seems almost incredible that any restraining influence would be neglected by parents and educators. Yet such is the case. Humane treatment of animals, taught to every child, in home and school, has not been adequately appreciated. Can anyone doubt that the use of such education, say forty years ago, would have gone far to lessen the crime of today? And should we not, with that realization, and with regard for posterity, establish such training for children in every American home and school?

Powerful influences are at work to convince the world that "heart education" should be given a 50-50 place with brain education in our schools; but meantime let us—every individual and especially parents—overlook no opportunity to interest children in the humane movement.

Logically, kindness to animals is among the very first lessons, for the reason that little folks are invariably interested in animals. A boy of four or five can understand a certain suggested attitude toward his dog or the birds, for instance, when similar relations with adults might be beyond him. And experience has proved that kindness to animals will recur in kindness to human beings.

One of the kindest men I have ever known received his first lesson on his father's farm. At the age of six he was found warming two baby chicks under his coat; and when pigeons were hatched while the spring weather was yet cold little George worried about them. Contrast such a child to the budding gangster on the city streets! I firmly believe that every child should have some association with pets or stock animals; there is nothing that will quite take its place as a foundation for humane principles.

There is no higher education than that of kindness, gentleness, consideration. The parent whose sole educational effort concerns his child's scholastic progress should recall old Humboldt's words: "Cruelty to animals is a characteristic vice of vulgar people." Real education must include refinement and the elements of culture, and is absolutely incompatible with cruelty.

Current events are confirming the words of whoever it was that said, "The spirit of cruelty is the deadliest enemy to a high civilization." The nature of the crimes now horrifying us almost daily indicates some serious defect in our primary education; and it may be significant that the murderers and torturers never heard anything about kindness to animals when they were boys.

Man is the animal's god. Supervision and care of a pet gives a child a certain self-respect and responsibility hard to duplicate by any other provision. You cannot take the animal's place—not with all your theoretical teachings. Where is the boy who kept the big dog from fighting his little dog, who blanketed his pet on cold days—then, as a man, committed premeditated murder? You do not find him.

A strict regard for the rights and feelings of whatever has feeling is the cardinal

principle of civilization. The greatest need in the world today is kindness, practical, not merely theoretical; the kindness that is learned by actual association with creatures who will be happy or miserable according to their human guardians' decisions and conduct.

To watch the protective spirit grow in a child, to see the fruition of seeds you have planted, Mr. or Mrs. Parent, is one of the finest, sweetest experiences that can ever come to you. And you need no college degree to sense that here is real education, the foundation of character and citizenship.

Fez Fondouk—April and May—Fine Reports

We wish we had space for the many interesting items that came to us from the American Fondouk at Fez, Morocco. We have room, however, this month only for the statistical reports:

April, 1932, 30 Days

Daily average, large animals	73	\$106.22
Forage for same		
Daily average, dogs	12	7.06
Forage for same		
Put to sleep	16	
Cost		12.20
Transportation		5.64
Supt.'s salary		80.00
Wages		71.18
Inspector's wages		13.74
Veterinary's wages		16.00
Sec'y-Gen'l's salary		100.00
Motor allowance		10.00
Sundries		24.60
Building account (repairs)		148.68
		\$590.27

Entries: horses, 5; mules, 18; donkeys, 40; bull, 1.
Exits: horses, 10; mules, 10; donkeys, 35.
Actual regular expenses for the month, \$446.93

May, 1932, 31 Days

Daily average, large animals	74.8	\$78.00
Forage for same		
Daily average, dogs	9.1	5.61
Forage for same		2.00
Put to sleep	15	4.54
Transportation		68.88
Wages, groomers, etc.		17.26
Inspector's wages		79.67
Supt.'s salary		19.50
Asst.'s salary		15.80
Veterinary's wages		99.50
Sec'y-Gen'l's salary		9.90
Motor allowance		27.84
Sundries		\$428.80

76 entries: 12 horses; 18 mules; 45 donkeys.
54 exits: 7 horses, 11 mules, 34 donkeys, 1 bull; 1 calf.

Three donkeys born during month. Not included in totals as no extra forage given.
249 visits to native Fondouks.

2,733 animals inspected in the 55 Fondouks in Medina Quarter.

860 animals treated or medicated.

34 animals sent to Fondouk American.

42 animals brought to us by owners or friends.

A copy of "Our Dumb Animals" goes to every one contributing to the work of the Fondouk.

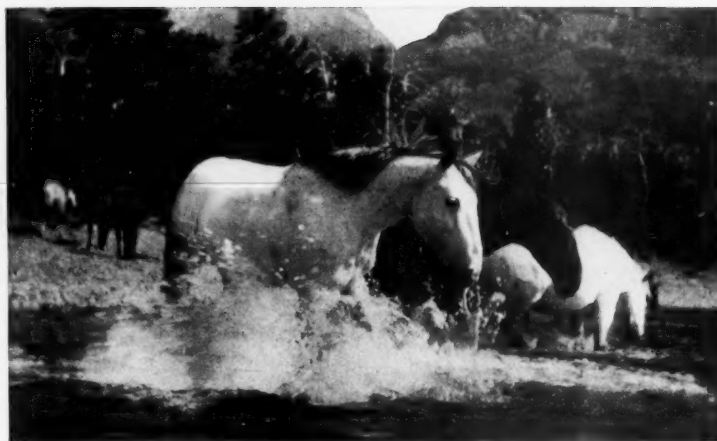
A Triumph at Fez

A permanent Municipal Regulation, No. 113, dated May 21, 1932, regulating traffic and transport at Fez, reads:

"The use of a pliant switch or whip only is permitted for driving animals in harness, pack animals, saddle animals, or to drive cattle.

"The use of any sharp instrument liable to wound the animals driven is strictly prohibited. Any overloading calling for an effort not in keeping with the strength of the animal is forbidden."

Only the prodded, goaded, beaten horses, mules and donkeys can know what this new regulation means. We give the work of our Fondouk credit for it.



INDIAN HORSES AT WATERTON LAKES PARK, ALBERTA

Sad Fate of Range Horses

KATHERINE PROVOST

IN the old days of the West, according to legend, film and fiction, the theft of a horse was followed by justice, swift and summary. Now, even in the West, the horse is of so little importance that he may be appropriated from the range by any who want him. In fact, his presence is resented even in the wild, for he is consuming feed that might otherwise be available for cattle which have a market value.

Once the cowboys "rounded up" the horses, drove them into corrals, and after days and weeks spent in "gentling" them for use, the ones most desired were added to the "remuda," the others being released to seek their haunts on mesa and valley wherever there was food and water.

As sections of the West have been homesteaded from time to time, settlers often found their hopes of homes in arid regions were futile, and they abandoned their claims, leaving the horses to shift for themselves on the range. Farmers living near the ranges turn the horses loose in the fall, and do not always recover all of them in the spring. And their value is so low that others can be bought for less than the cost of the hunt.

So the band of wild and unclaimed horses grows, trespassers on the cattle range, a nuisance on the forest reserves where the feed is needed for deer. The once proud horse, the friend and companion of the westerner, his most prized possession and his one means of travel, has become an incumbrance on the land he helped to redeem.

Here and there, during the winter months, round-ups of the wild horses are still held, not for the purpose of securing mounts for the season, but to herd them into railway corrals, through chutes and into the cars which will carry them to the nearest mill where poultry food and food for the commercial fish hatcheries is made.

Heads hanging, fuzzy coats filled with the white dust of the lava beds over which they have traveled, long tails and manes tangled with burs and straws, there is little about them to recall their once sleek coats, high-held heads and proud pacing. They seem to sense that the last round-up is the beginning of the ignoble end.

Knowing how many childish hearts long

for a "horse of my very own" and the pride and love that would be so freely expended in restoring these poor tramps to their former high estate, the waste becomes one of our minor tragedies.

Where the Horse Comes In

This is a motorized age—except in a wet spring. Then the good old plodding work-horse turns up as the farmer's best foul weather friend.

At Missouri Valley, Iowa, farmers during the early thaw asked the council for a watering trough. The old conveniences are missed now that muddy roads have isolated the automobile in its garage. Neligh, Neb., ran out of hitching posts. A similar situation existed all over the corn belt. The towns were full of horses. They offered the only certain means the farmer had of getting there and back again.

In many cases dirt roads were impassable for motor traffic and even the gravel wasn't so good. So the farmer fell back on his old stand-by.

In spite of the extent to which tractors, trucks and passenger cars have been displacing horses, farmers have yet found no way of doing entirely without these assistants in their occupation. So the horse, even though he may be retired from active service, stays on the farm held in reserve.

—Omaha (Neb.) World-Herald

Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe. They pay from 4 to 8%—according to your age. Send the coupon for a free folder which gives full details. Fill in the coupon and mail it now.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or)
The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name Age

Address

City State

The Milk Man's Horse

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*With flying mane and head held high,
Unused to streets and city ways,
He reared—perhaps was wondering why
That life was such a tangled maze.*

*Then, suddenly, he stood stock still;
His master hastened to his side,
I trembled lest he use him ill—
Lest cruelty should be applied.*

*Instead, the driver stroked the horse
With gentle hand; spoke soft and low;
Then soon he took the proper course,
The route he was supposed to go.*

*Though this may seem a trivial thing,
Yet I shall treasure it, enshrined
Within my heart, remembering
An unknown man whose act was kind.*

*A little bit of faithfulness, a little bit of
trust;
A little bit of loyalty, with love to share a
crust;
A gleam of courage in their eyes to meet
life unafraid.
These were the things the Lord God used
when dogs like mine were made.*

Horses in the West

One of the redeeming features about the depression is the return to the horse as a means of farming. Many farmers within the vast central west are keeping strict accounts of the cost of keeping horses as compared with the cost of farming with tractors. Thus far it is found that the horse power is the most economical. In some cases it is shown that the cost of keeping the horse, including the expense of raising him to a workable age, is far less than the gasoline expense of operating a tractor. Under present conditions, the horse has proved to be of little expense to the farmer, while the gasoline cost for tractors, has made a considerable hole in the check derived from milk. In other words, the farmer has been able to raise, but not able to sell, that which the horse consumes. Many farmers in Nebraska, and Kansas are returning to the horse for their motive power. —Republican, Scottsbluff, Neb.

Robin Martyrs

The robin is a devoted and persistent mother; also much of a Spartan. The Rev. Will Whalen of Orrtanna, Pa., found a number of dead robins on their nests after a heavy spring rain. The birds perished rather than leave their eggs. Then a forest fire broke out near his church, and he tried his best to shoo a robin off her nest in the blazing area. Not until the flames were extinguished did the bird move, and then to fly over to the pump literally begging for water. The rector-writer gave the bird a drink but she died right there, a martyr to mother-love. "Birds could teach some human beings," remarked the clergyman, looking at the dead robin.

—Pathfinder

Readers are reminded that the first great need of animals in hot weather is water, and that a supply should always be available.



"Spot"

GEORGE B. FOSTER

PLEASE let me introduce to you one of my very best friends. I use the words advisedly, for I think that the friendship of a dog is one of the finest, most wonderful things in the world.

He bases his friendship not on the kind of clothes you wear, nor on the amount of property you possess, or the kind of house you live in, or your pedigree, or your social position, or some personal advantage that he hopes to gain for himself, as so many of the human, so-called friendships are based, but he bases his friendship on you. He stands ready to give you his true and loyal best and will risk his comfort and safety, even his life itself, if need be, for your sake.

He has a keen sense of humor and enjoys a good joke, in fact he was enjoying a good laugh at the time his picture was taken, showing his perfect, pearly white teeth. He seems to understand much of what is said to him and at present he still talks by the expression of his eyes, his voice and the movement of his hands, ears and tail. Whenever I go home he gets into the automobile, sits right down in front of me and puts up his paw to shake hands with me. He can almost speak words, and perhaps in time he may do so.

He has but one fault that I know of. He likes to have a race occasionally with a passing automobile, a harmless pleasure as he seems to think, but really a very dangerous one as he now realizes, for he has a broken wrist as a result of his last race. We hope that he has learned a lesson which he will remember, about the danger of racing with an automobile.

Now this true story about my little friend has its moral, in fact, it has three of them. One for the dog, one for the dog's friends, and one for the automobile driver.

The moral for the dog is evident—don't try to run a race with an automobile, for that mechanical contrivance will keep on running for hours after you have dropped out of the race from exhaustion.

The moral for the dog's friends is to break the dog of that dangerous habit if possible while he is young. Just how to do it is another matter. Some say by punishment. I have seen it tried and in those cases it failed, so I don't have an over-amount of confidence in the remedy. I believe in keeping the dog out of sight of the automobile as much as possible, not an easy thing to do in these days when cars

are so numerous.

Moral suasion may work if your dog is sufficiently intelligent. I believe that a really intelligent dog understands a great deal of what is said directly to him. So, if, after his race with an automobile, you take your dog close up to you, tell him very plainly and firmly several times over that it is dangerous business and he must not do it again, your words may in time have some effect on him.

The moral for the automobile driver is "Cave canem," as Virgil says, "Beware of the dog," and slow up. You might naturally infer from the looks and attitude of the speeding automobilist that he owns the road on which he is traveling, but he doesn't. That man or woman walking by the roadside, that child nervously watching for a chance to cross over the road, or that dog leisurely trotting along the road, and others, have as good a right to that road as he has, probably a better right for they live in that town, own its property, do its work and pay its taxes while the automobilist simply speeds through the town at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour. What is the hurry, Mr. or Mrs. or Miss Speeder? Remember that other people and dogs and all the other wild and domestic creatures have their rights to that road and you have no legal or moral right to run over them with your reckless speeding. Just slow up when you see any creature in danger ahead of you. Have a heart and beware lest you injure or crush out some precious life, under the cruel wheels of your juggernaut.

The "Opportunity" I Missed

THOMAS ROONEY

NEVER before had a stray dog—particularly a police dog—been so friendly. I paused in my evening stroll to regard the huge fellow; his tail wagged vigorously, swaying the greater share of the high-mounted brindle torso. One hundred pounds of dog! He grinned, and when I smoothed the great head those large, erect ears laid back and the solicitous eyes closed as though in bliss. "Dood dog; him a dood dog," I said.

He followed me to my cottage, whined when I closed the door between us. Then such scratching on the screen! I let him in, placed food before him, but he would not eat. He merely sniffed at the plate and smiled appreciation. Again I petted that noble head; again the loving eyes closed and the great ears laid back.

"You love to be petted, don't you?"

I know he understood.

Back at my typewriter, I glanced at him as he lay stretched out on the carpet. On his side, legs straight out, ludicrously out of proportion they seemed. One thousand words later—well, say two hours later, I glanced at him again. He slept.

And he slept while I undressed and went to bed. I meant to turn him out, but somehow his peaceful slumber softened my heart. No place for a dog here, but what harm in letting him stay until morning?

"Here you, quit! Get down, quickly!"

It was 7 A. M.; the big police dog stepped all over me as I lay in bed, his tremendous weight was accentuated by small feet which seemed to bore through my ribs.

"Get down, I say!"

He dropped two socks on my chest, jumped to the floor; he grasped my trousers in his teeth, tipping the chair in so doing. Then he sprang upon the bed and presented the trousers to me.

Smart dog? Say—somebody trained him! To whom did he belong?

He wore no collar, poor fellow. Perhaps he was just a tramp dog, grown intelligent from shifting for himself. Too bad the dog-catcher must finally get him. Well, there was nothing I could do. The landlord would order me packing were I to disregard his "Thou Shalt Nots." Irrate landlords are terrifying beings, at least when a man must be allowed time to scrape the rent together.

"Take up thy bed and walk!" That's the ultimatum I issued. "Here's bread and milk to aid thy journey."

The big brindle beast lapped the milk and refused the bread.

"Hmm, you aren't very hungry;—get!"

I opened the door, but he declined to leave; I grabbed him by the nape of the neck, tugged at him while he growled. At last he stood outside the door, still unwilling to leave.

The morning paper lay rolled on the porch—a harmless bludgeon. Several smart raps on the flanks and he trotted away, pausing before he had gone one hundred feet to turn and regard me with a strange expression of disillusionment. People are hard to understand.

Then I opened the paper and read this: "ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS OFFERED FOR RETURN OF POLICE DOG. FAMOUS ANIMAL STAR OF TALKIES IS LOST. YANKEE PHONOPLAY, INC., OFFERS REWARD—NO QUESTIONS ASKED."

There followed a full column story. Avidly I read the descriptive account of "Opportunity," world's most intelligent dog, his theatrical aptitude, idiosyncrasies.

"His master, Solomon Feltshon, needs no alarm clock when 'Opportunity' is near. The dog allows no one to sleep after 7 A. M. He is wont to jump upon the bed, clothes in mouth, etc. Picture on page 2."

No need to study the picture—it was he without doubt! Dropping the paper, I ran up the street that he had trotted a few minutes before. Beads of sweat formed on my brow. My heart pounded.

I explored every alley, every nook of dog-dom; futile efforts. "Opportunity" was nowhere about—gone! Had he heard my calls no doubt he would have spurned them. And not without good reason; the sin of blind stupidity is unforgivable.

A restaurant in Chelsea (London, England) displays this unusual sign:

Dinner for Dogs

3 pence bowl for Small Dog.

4 pence bowl for Large Dog.

5 pence bowl for Outside Dog.

Raw and cooked meat; brown bread and vegetables. ("Brown" bread in England means "dark" bread).

A teacher was giving a lesson to a class of small children on the canary.

Teacher: Can anyone tell me what a canary can do and I can't?

Pupil: Please, Miss, have a bath in a saucer.

—Niagara Falls Review

Saving the Teddy Bear Family

ROWLAND EVERETT BAIRD

THE koala or native bear of Australia is so very nearly like our own "Teddy Bear" to all appearances that sometimes he is even known by that name. But there are many, many more American-made toy bears than there are real, live koalas in all Australia.

Such was not the case one hundred and fifty years ago when these little fellows roamed the bush and climbed the tall Eucalyptus trees to survey the world from their branches or to feed from the sweet bluegum leaves. Native bushmen rarely molested them and in some sections actually venerated them as the re-incarnated spirits of children.

Civilization, however, did not deal kindly with the peace-loving little animals. Plundering white hunters "rung" the trees killing off the koala family in such quantities that their hunting took on all the aspects of a slaughter. Although their furs are not very valuable as furs go, they found a ready market because they are vermin free and waterproof into the bargain. Millions of hides were gathered from as many koalas clubbed and shot to death by this unrestrained "gaming."

Then, too, the coming of homesteaders threatened the koalas as the brush was gradually cut away and the Eucalyptus trees cut down, thus destroying their natural haunts as well as the prime source of their food supply.

On the verge of being wiped out of existence, just as many other forms of life have passed away because of the careless negligence and barbarisms of civilization, the koala has found sanctuary at what is now known as Koala Park. If you were to visit "Teddy Bear Park," as do hundreds of tourists each year, you would find fifty fat little native bears dreaming their days away on these fifty acres of natural sanctuary set apart in the hills near Sidney, Australia, for the sole purpose of saving the koalas from extinction.

Here, under the supervision of Noel Burnet, the koala is cared for, studied, and



KOALA AND YOUNG, NATIVE BEARS OF AUSTRALIA, NOW BEING SAVED FROM EXTINCTION

To a Cat

FANNY ELIZABETH PERKINS

O, Tabby of the yellow eyes,
Discreet you are, and very wise;
You never fret
About the weather or the rent,
But purr content
With what you get.

When you are curled upon the rug
Before the fire, safe and snug,
Though sleet and snow
And rattling windows speak the storm,
Yet, safe and warm,
You let it blow.

When out of doors we banish you,
You give us no reproachful mew,
But meekly go;
And through an open window learn
How to return
To the fire's glow.

You shall walk softly all your days,
Get what you want, and go your ways
At your sweet will.
O, Tabby of the padded toes,
And cold, pink nose,
Teach us your skill.

given every opportunity to thrive and increase. There is a hospital and research department where sick bears are tended, examined, and reared in first-class medical manner. Then, too, a veritable "forestry department" or nursery supervises the growing of Eucalyptus trees, setting them out in Koala Park to provide an increasing supply of food and additional protection.

Koala Park is the only spot in all the world where koalas can be seen and studied in their natural habitat. The bears cannot be found in any zoo or other means of civil captivity. In fact Koala Park is the single successful attempt to rear and foster the native bear of Australia. The reasonable assurance that the koala will not now disappear entirely owes itself to this fact.

"Bianca"

FOUR years ago "Bianca" was born in our house, a bright little white kitten, full of health and gentle mischief and affection. As she grew she crept into our hearts. Every morning after her breakfast and while I was having mine she would settle herself upon my shoulder with an air of proprietorship in expectation of a few supplementary morsels, and if I was forgetful, a gentle nudge would recall me to my duty. Often when I tried to stroke her she would seize my hand in an abandon of affection and lavish caresses upon it. She had her little families in the same basket in which she had been born, and in the hour of her need she always came to us for sympathy and reassurance. It was hard to look with an unmoistened eye upon her tender solicitude for her babies and her happy pride in them. She added brightness to our hearth and comfort and gentleness to our home. She was the most delicately sensitive, vivid, dutiful, and loving little pet that we ever had.

Every night before bedtime she would ask to go out for a short time and then ask to come in. One night a few weeks ago



"SHE CREPT INTO OUR HEARTS"

she went out as usual but she did not return. We called her and searched the entire neighborhood immediately, but we have never seen her since.

There is a state university in our town, and its department of zoölogy uses more than sixty cats every year for study. It provides this anatomical material in a very simple way that involves no expense nor trouble nor responsibility whatever to the department. Upon registering for the course, each student is told that he must present himself at the opening period of the course with a live cat. It has repeatedly been called to the attention of the head of the zoölogical department, and also of the head of the university, that there is no legitimate market in this neighborhood where cats can be bought, that apart from the greater ease with which a gentle pet can be caught it is very difficult to distinguish a homeless alley cat from a pet that is strolling in the alley, and that students in the sport of the chase that the university not only sanctions but requires show little discrimination. But, in the absence of legal evidence, which in the nature of the case is hard to get, and prosecution, the university regulations are still unchanged, and one fears that the first lessons in zoölogy are lessons in thievery and brutality.

One week after our pet had disappeared, and at about the same hour in the evening, I surprised a university student or instructor furtively searching in our alley and the yards bordering upon it with a pocket light, evidently for more anatomical material. Then it flashed upon me with certainty what had been Bianca's fate.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Any college or university requiring a student upon registration to present himself with a live cat as one of the conditions of entrance, might far better require some testimony as to the pupil's moral character than the gift of a probably stolen cat.

The White House Cat

The cat of the White House is a handsome bipartisan pussy, bearing the name of Thomas Jefferson McKinley. He is sleek, graceful and frisky and still young, with the kittenishness of his nature scarcely toned down, a recent observer reports.

His personal appearance is far from maintaining the standard of Jeffersonian simplicity set by the first of the two Presidents whose namesake he has the honor to be. In fact, he is an obvious dandy. He wears a fine white waistcoat of fluffy fur, his four soft paws are shod with white slippers and there is a white tip to his waving tail, but the rest of his attire is an elegant black coat of unimpeachable glossiness.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and thirty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during June. Of these, 236 were in Illinois, 143 in Massachusetts, 126 in Maine, 58 in Rhode Island, 57 in Virginia, seven in Pennsylvania, four in Tennessee, and one in Michigan.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 189,505

The Snowshoe Rabbit

ESTHER E. REEKS

THERE is no more interesting illustration of Nature's adaptation of her creatures to their environment than is seen in the varying hare, or snowshoe rabbit.

This is a species closely related to the Arctic hare, but much smaller in size and occupying a more southerly range extending from Newfoundland west to the Pacific and south along the high mountain ranges almost to the Mexican boundary. It is a lover of cool forested regions and dwells where snows cover the ground for many months each year.

In build, the snowshoe rabbit is much more heavily set than the jack of the plains, with ears only about half the length and feet several times as large.

In summer, the varying hare is a dusky brown; but with the coming of the snows of autumn, it rapidly sheds its dark coat and replaces it with a heavier one of long white hair, which makes it all but invisible against its winter background. This, in turn, is changed again in spring to harmonize with its changed surroundings.

But not only is this interesting creature of the northern wilds provided with a warm winter covering which is a protection

against discovery, as well as against cold, but it is also given a pair of shoes that will enable it to walk on the surface of the uncrusted snow. With the change to the white coat, long hairs develop on the feet, spreading out in such a way as to bear their owner up like the snowshoes of the northern Indians. And it may have been this very creature which suggested to the early two-footed inhabitants of its haunts those useful articles which enable them to go abroad when winter's white blanket lies fresh and deep on the land.

In summer, the varying hare lives on grass and small herbs of many sorts; but when these are no longer to be had, it depends on the buds, twigs, and bark of shrubs and trees, being especially fond of those of the willow.

Salem Rescue League

The annual report of Miss Anna Fessenden, president and treasurer of the Animal Rescue League of Salem, Mass., indicates enthusiastic and successful work for that organization, particularly in the care of deserted cats and dogs. During the year ending May 31, there were 957 cats, 149 dogs, five birds, and two rabbits humanely put to sleep, while 18 lost dogs were restored to their owners. Drinking pans for small animals were cared for by several individuals, including men at City Hall and the fire station. Be Kind to Animals Week was observed by the distribution of 100 special posters by Girl Scouts. Miss Fessenden has been chosen again as the president, and Mrs. Charles B. Newhall as the secretary.

Evaded Effort

It's pretty hard to get ahead of the youngsters. A teacher called for brief essays on "The funniest thing I ever saw." One boy got through several minutes before the others and the teacher asked to see his effort. On his paper was written: "The funniest thing I ever saw was too funny for wording."

In Holland animal protection societies are seeking legislation to restrict the working hours of all animals to a ten-hour day.

The Reality of Prayer

*If radio's slim fingers
Can pluck a melody
From night and toss it over
A continent or sea;
If the petaled white notes
Of a violin
Are blown across a mountain
Or a city's din;
If songs, like crimson roses,
Are culled from thin, blue air,
Why should mortals wonder
If God hears prayer?*

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER in
Federal Council Bulletin

I Would That Wars Should Cease

*I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end
Might sow and reap in peace,
And some new spirit o'erbear the old,
Or Trade refrain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold,
Or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all
My friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small,
That wheel between the poles.
But since our mortal shadow, Ill,
To waste this earth began—
Perchance from some abuse of Will
In worlds before the man
Involving ours—he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with might,
Or Might would rule alone.*

ALFRED TENNYSON

The child should, as a child, have more experience in activities that are character-producing.
FRANCIS L. BAILEY

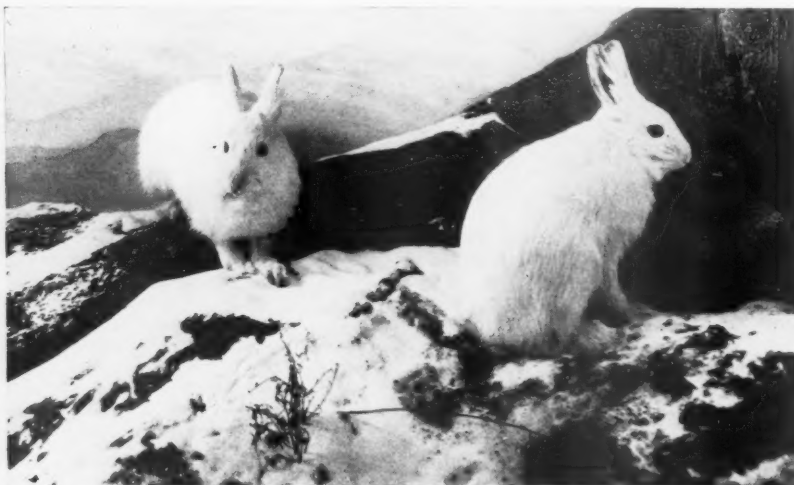
IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

HOW TO SEE BIRDS, Eric Fitch Daglish.

An attractive, fascinating book, combining the knowledge of the naturalist with the skill of the artist, makes its appeal to American bird lovers and students of bird life. Although treating largely of English birds we find in this small but meaty volume nearly all our own native species and beloved friends. Robins and wrens, sparrows and swallows, thrushes, finches and flycatchers and scores of others—they are all familiar in name but we may learn even more about them, as related by a keen observer and careful interpreter in a distant field.

We are shown new types of bird tables, drinking pools, nest-boxes and other means of luring the birds to garden and dooryard and retaining their friendship. Discussions of "Beaks, Feet and Feathers," "Songs, Nests and Eggs," and some highly interesting information about rare birds of other countries will prove delightful reading for readers young and old. The author, who is, says *Golden Book*, "one of the most important contemporary engravers," contributes to the book many of his matchless wood cuts and in addition has made clear and practical diagrams of bird tables, pools and boxes that he has tried out in his own home and found satisfactory. It is a book that deserves a niche in every well-ordered bird library.

128 pp. \$1.50. William Morrow and Company, New York.



SNOWSHOE RABBIT OR VARYING HARE

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Our Artists

EVA SMITH TURNER

*Upon my clean front porch are traced
Wee pansy faces, done in clay,
And though by brush and mop erased
More tracks appear each night and day.*

*For "Fido" and old "Tommy" cat
Are clever artists of their kind,
And make such perfect pansies that
Somehow I feel I shouldn't mind:*

*Just pansy faces, done because
They wait the swinging of my door,
Nor know their dirty little paws
Have made quaint flowers on my floor.*

The Story of a Bone

JOSEPH MEARS

IF she were a Scottie, there might be some explanation for "Flivver's" thriftiness. But being a cocker spaniel of a line of sporting dogs extending 'way back, Flivver's strange affection for an ordinary soup bone is an amusing topic whenever dog-lover friends of her master, James P. O'Neil, noted Pasadena cocker spaniel breeder, gather at his home for an evening of shop talk on their favorite subject.

Believe it or not, Flivver has hoarded this bone for nine of her eleven years. No amount of enticement can persuade her to part with it. She is tempted only temporarily by juicy ribs, meaty soup bones and other luscious tidbits; she always comes back to her first love, the old, weather-beaten, polished bone she first took a fancy to back in 1923.

With the passing of the years, Flivver's bone has become an institution.

"How are Flivver and her bone?" inquire friends of the O'Neils when they call.

Always a kindly dog, Flivver's temper is aroused if any other of the numerous dogs in the O'Neil family approach her precious bone.

Of all the friends of the O'Neils who love old Flivver, only one is able to take any great liberties with her bone. Little Joanne Conklin, two and a half years old, can pick up the bone if she wishes and Flivver only looks at her with a patronizing, benevolent air as much as to say: "Well, seeing it's you, it's all right, Joanne."

No one knows why Flivver took a fancy to this bone out of the thousands in her life. Certainly, she has known other bigger and better ones. The most plausible explanation is offered by Mrs. O'Neil.

"Flivver first took a fancy to the bone after she had been awfully sick and had to be operated on. She seemed to realize she would never have any more puppies and started mothering the bone. Maybe dogs have the same sort of mother complexes as human beings."

Not only must Flivver keep her beloved bone within sight all the day; she won't sleep unless it is on the bed beside her. Occasionally her bone has been misplaced. But not for long. Flivver sets up such a howl the entire family drop everything and hunt for it.



LITTLE JOANNE, "FLIVVER," AND THE BONE

Recently, Flivver forgot to take her bone to bed. In the middle of the night she woke and discovered her loss. Barking as if a squad of burglars were in the house, she aroused even Tom, the Japanese butler who lives over the garage. Tom came running, shotgun in hand. When he found what was the trouble he joined in the search and eventually found the bone in a corner, underneath a sofa pillow.

When Flivver at last goes the way of all dogs—and she is quite old and almost deaf now—her master plans to work her old bone into her headstone.

Anything so important to a dog must symbolize something to her mere humans know nothing about, and all her friends feel that would be an ideal memorial and a tribute in payment for all the happiness she has brought into this world.

Children, especially, are warned to take proper care of their pets during the hot weather by seeing that at all times a supply of clean, fresh water is available, and by making ample provision for them during vacations.

The Polar Bear

*The Polar bear
Is soft and white
With silver hair—
A pretty sight.*

*He sits upon
A snowdrift nice;
Or dances on
A cake of ice.*

*And then mayhap
At other times
The funny chap
The North Pole climbs.*

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD in *St. Nicholas*

Highways of Death

FRANK PIAZZI

I HAVE just ended a coast-to-coast automobile tour. One fact stands out vividly in my recollection of the trip—the wanton and cruel destruction of all kinds of animal life on our highways.

From New York to California I found the highways crimson with the blood of countless dumb creatures, slaughtered under the whirling wheels of speeding automobiles. The roads I traveled were literally highways of death for the beasts of the forest, the air, and, yes, the streams!

Nothing appeared safe from this monster of death—the automobile.

Animals of all kinds, wild and domestic; cats, dogs, cows, rabbits, deer, even a fox and a coyote. Birds, too, blinded by headlights or knocked down by speeding cars, their mangled, feathered little bodies hurled to the side of the road.

And, finally, the culminating tragedy, I found the crushed shell of a turtle, a slow, harmless, innocent turtle smashed by an automobile on a highway in southern Indiana! Could it be possible that the driver of the car that killed it did not see it, or could not stop or swerve the necessary trifle to avoid the slow, sedate, unhurried turtle? Or was it evidence of the heartless savagery of the motorist? I wonder.

After leaving New York I began to see evidence of this ghastly toll of animal life on American highways. Snakes were frequent.

In the eastern states cats and dogs were the most common victims. I did see a mangled cow, half on the highway, left where the speeding automobile had hurled it. And the chickens and other barnyard fowl! A list of them would fill pages. It seemed every car in America were out to kill its share of chickens.

Then came Indiana and a rain. I remember swinging out to avoid a turtle crossing the road. I enjoyed the way the slow-moving reptile drew in its head and legs, giving me the right-of-way. But all the joy of the episode vanished when, a hundred yards farther on, I came upon the crushed body of another turtle, smashed into the fresh tire tracks of an automobile.

From then on the highways became a veritable shambles. A fox, more dogs, cats, chicken, a doe even; and then the West, with the highways red with the blood and bodies of rabbits—and ghoully ravens screeching over the feast.

This trail of death made me think deeply.

Was there any corollary between this huge toll of animal life by the automobile

and the mounting list of dead involving human beings?

Is the wanton motorist who runs down a frightened, blinded rabbit, dog, or chicken in "sport" responsible for the deaths of human beings? Does his killing mania extend to man? Is there any connection between the autoist who runs down animals in fun and the murderous hit-runners who leave their victims dying in our city streets?

One of my friends never "turns out" if an animal darts in front of his automobile. He prefers to kill the animal to risking striking another automobile. The obvious answer to this, applying the brakes and stopping, apparently has not occurred to him.

What would happen if a child darted in front of his car? Would he stop or turn out—or would he run it down?

The countless animals that daily suffer this fate are a grave indication of the state of mind of a certain type of motorist. Unfortunately, our laws provide no punishment for a motorist who kills an animal outright—and often inadequate punishment for one who runs down a human being.

A Lion by the Ear

"Has anybody lost a lion?" The foregoing inquiry, printed on a large sheet of paper, affixed to a wall, attracted the attention of all who passed the corner of Marz and Duranona Streets, in one of the better residential quarters of this capital yesterday. The police had previously interrogated officials at the "Zoologico," and also of all the circuses now in the city, but without finding any that were lacking a lion.

Nevertheless, just such an animal was captured early Saturday morning. It had been glimpsed in the Malvino district by some terrified dwellers in the villas there, no two of whom agreed as to the dimensions and ferocity of the beast, though unanimous in asserting its leonine characteristics—tangled mane, long tail with tassel at the termination thereof, teeth prodigiously prolix and sharp and, some averred, smoke and flame streaming from its nostrils.

A host of Nimrods, on foot and in motorcars, set out in search of the animal as soon as the alarm was bruited, but it was not until yesterday that a hitherto undistinguished citizen came walking leisurely, yet majestically, into Malvino leading the elusive quarry by the ear. Jose Farina had captured the desperate monster without firing a shot. Jose Farina admits that he understands all sorts of birds and animals. It is said that he can even talk with them!

Translated for *Christian Science Monitor* from *Imparcial* (Montevideo, Uruguay).

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Unwanted Puppies

IRENE C. McLAUGHLIN

THERE is one way in which people could greatly reduce suffering, and the unhappy, shameful condition which makes it necessary to gather in over 34,000 stray, lost, and unwanted dogs a year, from the streets of Chicago.

Think of the necessary slaughter and expense this entails. You can help us by destroying all unwanted kittens and puppies at birth. Do not delay an hour, put them painlessly to sleep and urge your friends and neighbors to do the same. You should leave one or two males to comfort the unhappy mother and nurse her.

It will not be hard to find a home for one or two puppies or kittens, provided they are males, but very few want the females and if given into irresponsible hands, they are soon on the street again, suffering starvation and exposure, and often hunting for some place in which to crawl away and have their accidental families. All this mental and physical anguish could be spared these poor unwanted ones, if only they were done away with on their arrival, and before they feel or know any different.

Don't wait until they are a few months old and have formed attachments and developed a desire to live, and then ask some Humane Society to put them out of the way. That seems doubly cruel, yet many people let every family of kittens and puppies live to grow up, because they are too tender-hearted to have them destroyed at birth! What a mistaken form of kindness.

We, who see these animals pour through the refuges, pounds, and humane societies, know their tragedies and deplore the millions that are allowed to grow up, only to be deserted after they have become dependent upon human beings for their support, and learned to hunger for their affection.

Help by advising each family you know of with a new litter of puppies or kittens, and so wipe out their wholesale suffering.

Miss Lenore Cawker, the "sweet Lady of Mercy" of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who is reported to have devoted half a million dollars as well as her life services to her very successful animal shelter in that city, died June 19.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue. Address all communications to Boston.

TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

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Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
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Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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